Adoration of the Angels — by A. Trindade, Bombay

THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY

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Our Cover This Month:

Our cover design exhibits an ability to harmonize the artistic traditions of both East and West, which is characteristic of the artist. It is rich with the symbolism so precious to the Eastern peoples—the tiny lamp beside the Infant, the Light of the World; the garlands of welcome being presented to Him; the umbrella, emblem of royalty, held over the Holy Family by the angel behind St. Joseph.

Angela Trindade's abundant share of talent is evidence that God has chosen her for a unique apostolate: to depict in Indian style, the Mysteries of Christ's life, His Blessed Mother and other religious subjects. Her purpose is thus to bring a knowledge of God and His Love to her own people of India, whose needs she understands so well.

Daughter of the late A. X. Trindade, known as the "Rembrandt of the East," whose genius she has inherited, Miss Trindade is a native of Bombay, India, and is a distinguished graduate of the School of Art of that city. Well-known and loved throughout her own country, she has become famous throughout Europe, where many of her paintings, both oils and water-color, have been exhibited and appreciated—for the magnetism of her art is felt by all peoples.

A few years ago, Mother Dengel met Miss Trindade in Bombay and urged her to come to the United States. While here, Miss Trindade will exhibit her paintings in Washington, Philadelphia, New York and San Francisco. She will also lecture in schools, and for other gatherings, who will enjoy the liveliness and depth of character which her paintings reflect.

THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY

8400 Pine Road

Sister M. Christine, S.C.M.M., Editor

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THE MEDICAL MISSION SISTERS

Who they are:

The Medical Mission Sisters are a religious community devoted to the care of the sick in the missions. Some of the Sisters are doctors, nurses or pharmacists; others are engaged in secretarial, household and similar duties necessary for medical mission work.

Main Activities

Hospitals, dispensaries, home visiting, leprosaria, training native nurses, training native compounders, maternity and child welfare clinics, establishing native Medical Mission Sisterhoods.

To cope with the numerous requests from mission bishops for medical mission centers, many vocations are needed.

Houses of the Society

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House of Studies—6th & Buchanan Sts., Washington 17, D. C.

Postulate; Osterley, Middx. England
Heerlen, Holland

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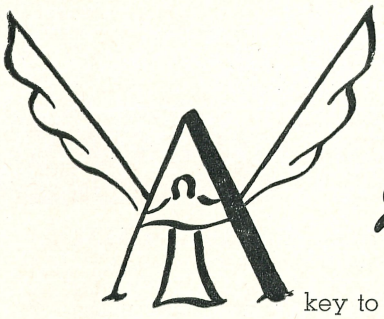
Holy Family Hospital—Karachi
St. Michael's Hospital—Mymensingh

INDIA
Holy Family Hospital—Patna
Holy Family Hospital—Mandar

INDONESIA
Maternity Clinic, Stella Maris Hospital, Makassar, Celebes

AFRICA
Holy Family Dispensary—Berekum, Gold Coast

UNITED STATES
Catholic Maternity Institute
Santa Fe, New Mexico
The Catholic Colored Clinic
Atlanta, Georgia



Joy in Christmas Liturgy

key to the proper celebration of our Lord's Nativity for Catholics is found in the treasury of the church's liturgy. Many products are advertised with a "get the most" appeal; "get the most" from your car, your dollar and so forth. The Church might well say to Catholics, "get the most out of Christmas—look to the liturgy."

In Liturgy we find an intelligent combining of sacrifices, rites, chant and art. It is united and offered as a whole by the Church, the mystical body of Christ to God. As the prayer of the well-beloved bride, it has an absolute value independent of the person who is praying. In revealing the spirit of each particular feast the liturgy invites the faithful to participate in the deep truths hidden in the mysteries of Our Lord's life.

Characteristic of the Christmas liturgy is enthusiasm and joy. The Advent longings are fulfilled and the Divine Office rings with lightheartedness and jubilance. Mother Church seems to forget her age in the expression of her joy: "Let us rejoice, let us sing" she calls out to her children. The melodies of the Gregorian chant quicken and the tempo runs lightly on, like a small boy whose watchings at the window have been rewarded and he can cry out, "he's here, he's here."

Catholics who pray with the Church unconsciously give themselves up to rejoicing, finding the true spirit of the feast in the liturgy. All the formulas of the liturgy for this holy season show the adoration, love, gratitude and joy that we should feel towards our infant Redeemer. Participation in these prayers means a share in the offering of adoration to the Word made flesh at Mass.

Only on two days of the year may a priest celebrate three Masses, on the day of the commemoration of All Souls and on Christmas. The greatness of the mystery, the long-expected and precious Gift must have an unusual welcome, the homage of a triple sacrifice. The first Mass at midnight is celebrated in honor of the Divine Babe's birth according to the flesh in Bethlehem. It is at this Mass in particular that the faithful with the song of praise in their hearts unite with the angelic choirs in the sublime "Gloria in Excelsis Deo." At the Credo, humbly yet triumphantly the congregation kneels at the words, "Et Homo Factus Est" and no one can describe the silent adoration that swells in every breast. The climax comes at the Consecration when the Babe is born once again and we see not mere bread but Emmanuel—God with us.

The second Mass, the Mass of the shepherds, leads us to contemplate Him who was begotten as "Light of Light." It was customary to celebrate it at dawn and to connect the fact of the sun's becoming stronger at this season of the year with the coming of the Light which dispels the darkness of our sins. The Son of Mary is also the Son of God, and the third Mass begins with an acclamation to Christ the new born King. He is the one sent from Heaven by the Father, the angel of the "Great Counsel" or design of the most Holy Trinity to save mankind by the Incarnation and the Redemption, and we sing joyfully because "All the ends of the earth have seen the Salvation of our God."

Truly, the vast fullness of the peace and joy of Christ awaits each Catholic who will use the key, the liturgy, to open the Church's treasury and procure a holy, profitable and merry Christmas.

FOURTH INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF CATHOLIC DOCTORS

Mother Anna Dengel, M.D.

Since the foundation of an International Association of Catholic Doctors by Dr. Pasteau of France, an International Congress of Catholic Doctors has been held biennially; so far, in Lisbon, Louvain and Brussels.

The Eternal City was a happy choice for the fourth Congress held this year from September 24th to 29th. Who would not like to come to Rome to imbibe the true Christian ideals of the noble profession of medicine? In his sermon at the opening Mass, Cardinal Pizzardo pointed out that the Medical Profession was to a great extent, de-Christianized and materialized in our day and age. It is the Catholic doctor's task he said, to re-establish the old harmony between Christian belief and medical science, as both are forthcoming from the same author, God, the Creator of the Universe.

The flags of thirty nations flying from the Congress building gave evidence of the countries represented. Professor Gedda, the President of the Congress, welcomed all.

All of the papers read were focused on the theme: *The Human Person in the Light of Medical Science.* The main subjects presented by experts in their respective fields were fetal animation, pre-matrimonial eugenics, artificial insemination, narco-analysis and the rights and limits of social medicine. The reports will be printed.

On the feasts of Sts. Cosmas and Damian, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered for the congressionalists in the beautiful and venerable Church of their patrons and on the last day of the Congress at St. Peter's where nearly all the doctors received Holy Communion. The Celebrant was His Eminence, Cardinal Canali, who also blessed them with the relic of the head of St. Luke, which is preserved in St. Peter's.

The Congress reached its climax on the afternoon of September 29 when the Congressionalists, their families and friends were taken to Castelgandalfo where the Holy Father received them in audience at 5 P.M. He was greeted with tremendous applause and enthusiasm. When the *"Evviva il Papa"* and the clapping of hands died down, the Holy Father addressed the crowd in French, in a very pleasant and audible voice. He began by saying that the presence of representatives of thirty nations around him was of deep significance and joy. He assured each of his most paternal welcome because through their profession they practice an excellent ministry of charity.

After a brief survey of the progress of medicine through the ages, especially in our time, the Holy Father said:

"The medical doctor would not be corresponding fully to the ideal of his vocation if—while profiting from the most recent advances of the medical science and art—he used in his quality of practitioner merely his intelligence and ability; if he did not also make use (and we were about to say, above all) of his heart as a man, and of his loving tenderness as a Christian . . .

"Undoubtedly, the doctor's ministrations are to bodies, but to bodies animated with immortal and spiritual souls. By virtue of a mysterious but insoluble bond between the physical and the moral, he only acts efficaciously on the body when, at the same time, he is acting on the spirit."

As essential principles of Medical Deontology, the Holy Father mentioned the dignity of the human body, the pre-eminence of the soul over the body, the fraternal bond of all men, and the sovereign power of God over human life and destiny.

On several occasions already, the Holy Father said, he had touched on medico-moral problems. On this occasion he wished to speak on artificial insemination, which, *outside of marriage is to be considered purely and simply immoral.*

In conclusion, the Holy Father imparted the Apostolic Blessing, extending it to all those whom the Congressionalists represented, their families and their friends.

CHRISTMAS BRIDGES

Sr. M. Cecilia

All castes and creeds observe a "big day" —a Boro din. Moslems have their Id Ul-fitr and Bakri Id; Hindus their Durga Puja and Shawrawsvati Puja. But everyone knows when Christmas, the Christians' big day, or "Boro din," comes along.

In Bengal, the hot, dry season persists from February to May. It is too hot to walk far and too dry to go by boat. Then, from June to October, although still too hot for pleasure, the monsoons come and it is wet enough for sailing or even to be drowned. At the end of October, the water begins to recede and the heat abates, so that Christmas comes at the pleasantest season of the year. It is cool enough to put a spring in one's step, yet sufficiently warm to ignore thoughts of central heating.

During the rains, the water sometimes rises ten or fifteen feet in the canals. As it recedes, rowing comes to a standstill, paddling is common and mud baths are the rule rather than the exception. But, nothing daunted, the Mymensingh villagers chop down some bamboo poles, get some home-twisted jute string, and Hey presto! A "pul" that is, a bridge now spans a ditch that has been a river, at a height of about twelve feet. But, you big-footed westerners with shoes on, try to cross it—if you can!

I did—since there is a saying that one should try anything once. Below you is the uninviting ditch; above you are the blue skies. Between you (in your clean white clothes) and the mud, there are just two slim horizontal bamboo poles—and twelve feet of falling space. You look at the "pul," then at the mud. Which course should you take? Attempting to walk would mean certain mud to the waist. If you should muster sufficient courage to brave the "pul" you may or may not "make it"—reaching the other side either completely covered with mud or, possibly, perfectly clean. As you would like to look half-way presentable on arrival at your destination, you decide on the latter course.

So! With a fervent hope that your balance is only as good as it was a few years ago, here goes! If you look neither to the right nor left, and if the bamboo does not sway too much, and if your span of faith is no shorter than the span of bamboo—There! You've made it! And you notice just a layer of mud appear on your white shoes as you take a triumphant little jump from the end of the "pul" to the terra non-firma.

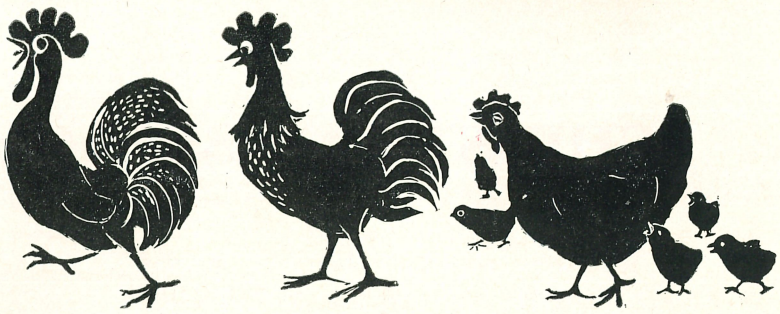
These Boro Din bridges are a sign to each and all that there are just a few days left until Christmas. No one wants to miss Midnight Mass, and who wants to attend "Christair Jawnman" (Christ's birth) covered with mud from head to toe?

In the schools, the end of the term is celebrated and prizes are given to the children about December 20th. In preparation for it, the "Boro Din" bridges go up, the fields are left to take care of themselves, and the villagers sometimes walk as many as thirty miles to see their children perform. They return with help of the Boro Din Bridges to receive the Sacraments and pay homage in *clean saris* to their Newborn King.

This is holiday season, marriage season "Shobha Din" (Corpus Christi procession) season. But it is also the hospitalization season. When there are three crops of rice a year, who can spare the time and people from the fields to carry a sick relative to the hospital during the planting, harvesting and husking seasons?

So—those mal-united fractures and anemias of long duration, the coughs which should have been taken care of six months ago, the tumors which were not SO big last July, and the dysenteries which could have been checked earlier—all these come in during "Christmas Bridge" Season. If only the "mountain" of Medical Mission care would move to the "Mohammed" of all Bengal villagers! But that means more vocations, supplies, finances—in other words, YOU.

The Simple Life



by Sr. Marcella, M.D.

It all started with agreeing in a moment of weakness, to go out to Father Pollard's Mission station to see patients. He had just started a new place in a little village, four miles from the nearest railway station. Saturday afternoon came; off we went, "Sisters three"—Sisters Cyril, Adelaide and myself —well equipped with drugs, instruments, camera and foodstuffs. We boarded the train. . . . Compartment to hold 11, it said! We were 35 and there was room for more? It took about four hours to go forty miles.

Well, we alighted, jumping the five feet from the train, each with a bag containing a mosquito net, etc. A delegation of Christians was there to meet us, all carrying lanterns . . . (not so much to show us the road but to frighten away the leopards and other wild life, including snakes.)

They greeted us, grabbed our bags, and after a slight altercation with the station master who rightly demanded our tickets, which Sister had mislaid but finally located, we were off. Through a little woods, through the dusty rice fields, along those little dykes and levees, down the dark, rutted country roads.

We arrived at the mission at 9 P.M. Father gave us a warm welcome and showed us to our quarters. I wish I could draw the mud hut, which was the best of the buildings. It was about 12 by 30. Inside it consisted of one room: a little white-washed mud altar at one end; a partial partition at the other end, behind which some servants slept when we were not there. In the center of the room our three charpoys (beds)—a table around which stood three chairs. Except for one other chair, I think we had all the furniture of the mission at our disposal! After a simple supper, up went the nets, and so to bed.

All night long we heard scratching and chirping coming from the corner of the room, plus all the other weird noises from the jackals and kites outside. At about 3 A.M. we heard the explosive outburst of several roosters crowing in our ears. Then quiet again. Where were the roosters? At dawn I started on a tour of exploration and discovered a few tin boxes, small ones, in a corner. Surely they couldn't be in there! While meditating on the possibilities, in came the catechist's wife, so I went back to packing my bedding. Suddenly, we heard a whoop and looked up to see a parade of roosters, *one even dozen,* tearing madly out of the house. Then at a more sedate pace, a mother hen and five small chicks!

The boys removed our charpoys, and prepared the place for the Mass which would be said there. The altar was uncovered—the three chairs were removed to the outside. We also went outside and sat down to say our Office. Very shortly we were surrounded by the village, silent and staring. The well was only a short way off, and we saw them come down, toss in the bucket, draw up the supply for the morning bath, brush their teeth vigorously and hand the bucket to the next member of the family. A little distracting, besides who could meditate with twenty small children staring? Off we went to the fields.

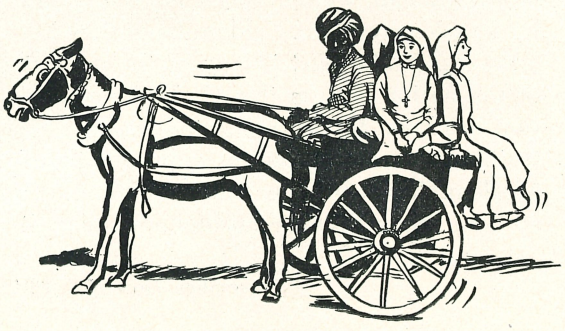
Soon Mass began, children in front, then men, then women. In came those ubiquitous chairs! Most of the parishioners knelt outside and there was constant traffic of mothers and babies. Never before were we so close to the Humility of the Lord, Who came to this plain hut, with simple neo-Christians and non-Christians, barely aware of His Presence; with chickens coming in and out, and even a mouse who was most distressed at being so completely surrounded by people. Our Lord came just the same and we were happy to be there too.

After Mass the chapel became a dispen-

sary and one by one the patients came! Soon the table was covered with drugs and instruments and when breakfast appeared we had to eat off our laps. The news had spread and one village after another brought its sick. Oh, how we wished we had the whole hospital with us! Most of them had never seen a woman doctor before. All morning long we worked opening abscess after abscess, cutting off and putting on casts, diagnosing and treating . . . We counted about 80 patients, but many more probably slipped through without notation. The people were very much impressed. Usually medical treatment in the village, if there is any, consists of feeling the pulse and prescribing a mixture.

By evening we were finished and after a lovely chicken dinner, Indian style, we were invited to see the village; mostly mud huts and dusty roads. And then the trouble started. Wouldn't we just go to see Ram Lal in his home? He was so sick. His house was only two miles away . . . besides it was on the way to the train . . . and they would get an ekka and get us to the train on time. Now an ekka (tom-tom) is nothing but a flat table on wheels, but if it runs, it is faster than shank's mare, so we thought. Ram Lal's house was miles out in the country—we found him finally, just an infant, hopelessly sick with kala azar. They must bring him to the hospital for injections, we told them. It was the only thing that would save him.

Off we started again for the train, but the starved tired little horse got slower and slower, and finally the man refused to go any further. Here we were in the middle of nowhere, 8 miles from the station . . . No vehicles to be had. And 7:30 P.M. darkness rapidly enveloping the scenery . . . was that a little house ahead? It turned out to be a little village with a police station! "How far



The first Tom-Tom

to the station?" we asked the first gentleman we met, "Oh just about 2 miles" was his quick reply: "I'll take you in my Tom-tom and you will surely get a train." He turned out to be a Protestant chaplain (Indian, a very nice person, and really so helpful).

Everything was fine, the horse was fresh, and kicking . . . but two miles further with no station in sight the rim of the wheel came off! So we thanked the gentleman, seized our bags and started off in the dust and darkness. On we trudged through one little village after another.

It was nearly 9 P.M. when we reached the station and of course, the last train was gone. The station master led us to a waiting room which he unlocked for our benefit. He also sent water for washing, and a lantern (no electricity). We locked the screen doors and draped our nets on the benches; soon we were asleep. But all night with trains, bed bugs and people banging doors, we didn't sleep much. A camel was braying outside (I saw him the next morning). Finally the dawn came and the train. We arrived back at Holy Family Hospital in Patna at 11:00 A.M. dirty, hungry and tired. Well, that was soon fixed again; the main thing is that we managed to slip that hopelessly sick patient a "ticket to heaven." That made the whole trip worthwhile.

We still discuss our trip to the Indian village; how heroic the missionary priests are; how little they have to work with; how much they appreciated our going out to help their people. The fact that they cooked one of their precious chickens for our dinner showed that! Also the utter lack of medical care in the villages; the drudgery and isolation of the women. In fact, if you ever hear me complain again, please remind me of an Indian village!

Mohammedam NURSES FO

Moslem nurse wearing the new official uniform, with Sr. Dolores first president of the Pakistan nurses association. The silwar (trousers) are part of all Mohammedan women's clothing.

Mohammedanism is the mightiest of all non-Christian religions. The Islam belt extends from Sierra Leone in Africa to Canton in China; from Tobolsk in Siberia to Java in Indonesia. It embraces three Continents numbering 300,000,000 followers of the prophet. According to recent figures, Moslems account for 63,000,000 out of the total 70,000,000 in the Netherlands East Indies; virtually all of the Malay peoples of Malaya or some 2,170,000; and an additional 680,000 in the Philippines. In China there are probably between nine and ten million followers of Mohammed, more than two million of them located in the strategic Sinkiang, and perhaps four million in the Northwest provinces, in the heart of Communist China. 43,000,000 adherents of the Koran form almost a solid block across the north of Africa.

Mohammedans are not pagans. Although they believe firmly in the one, true God, they differ with Christianity in denying the Trinity, the divinity of Christ and the Redemption of man by our Lord's death on the cross. Their creed is the shortest in the world; "There is no God, but Allah, Mohammed is his prophet!" Theirs moreover, is a missionary religion, and filled with zeal for the propagation of its tenets, they aim at world-wide mission enterprise.

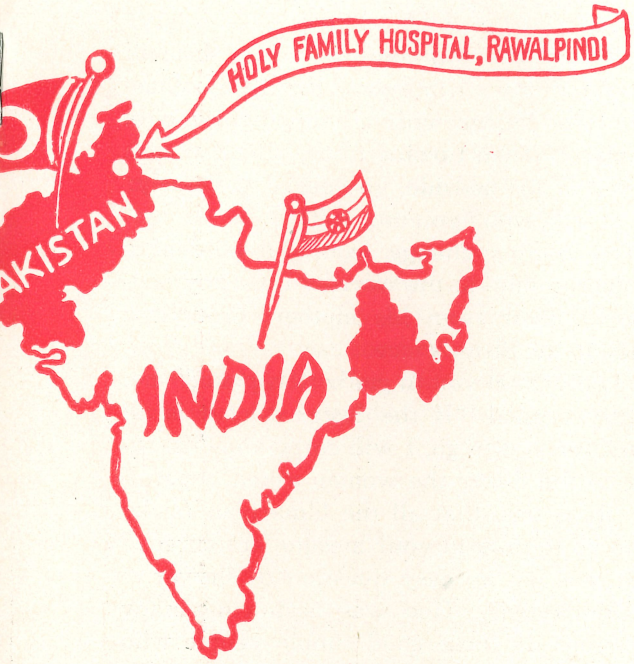
With the coming of Independence to India, accompanied by much strife and suffering, a new Islamic nation was born—Pakistan, "land of the pure," or "holy land of Moslems." This newest and largest Islamic state numbers some 79,000,000 people or about 40% of all those living under Moslem rule throughout the world. Despite calamities large enough to destroy an older and stronger nation, it has weathered the first years of life better than could be expected and now with new vigor and life surging through its veins is starting out on a new era—ready to break down old barriers to bring its people vast changes and improvements.

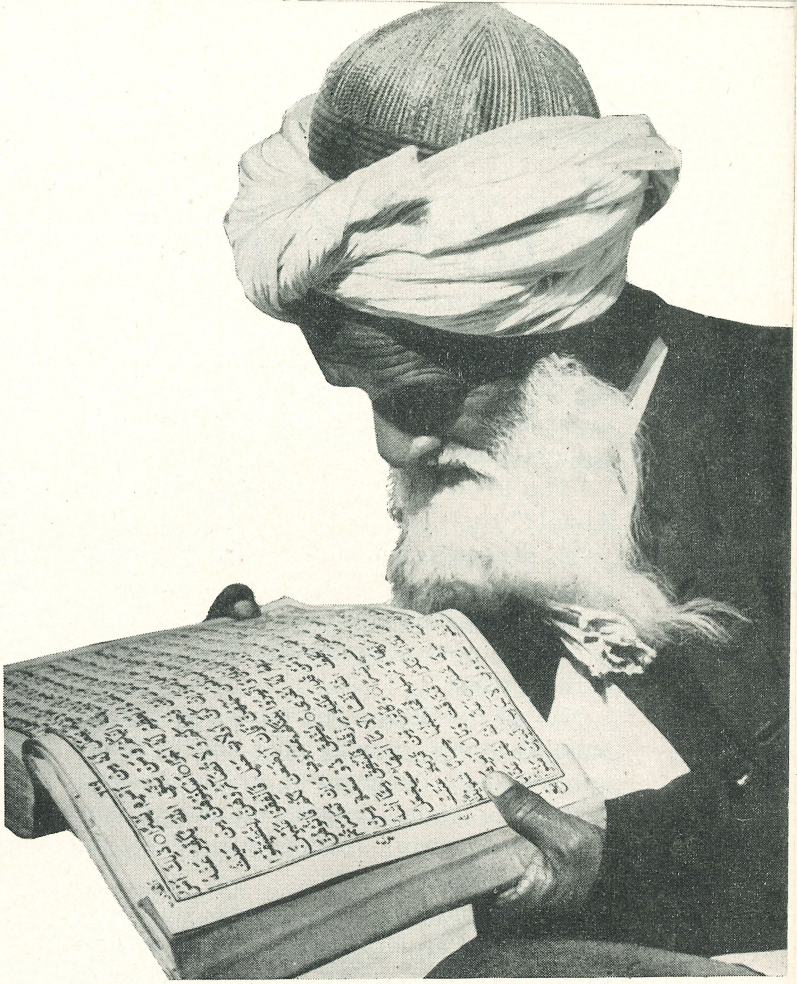
New constitutions however do not automatically solve all problems; lack of education, hunger, ill-health to mention the most urgent. In spite of the progress of the new nation, accentuated perhaps by the return to pure Moslem ideals, the seclusion of women still affects millions. For centuries Mohammedan women have not been allowed to be seen by men except certain members of their own household. Meals are taken separately, the men first, the women afterwards. When going out the women have to be veiled from head to foot; when sick, the Mohammedan woman may not be treated by a male physician. Seldom have they been allowed to take part in any of the activities of the nation and on the whole their education has been totally neglected. In one large training school located in a predominantly Moslem City, we never had a Mohammedan student nurse because no Mohammedan girl

R PAKISTAN

December Mission Intention:

For the Regions of Islam





Moslems read the Koran daily Three Lions

with sufficient education had applied, although the standards are much lower than here.

This state of affairs now presents a new and serious problem to the young Pakistan government: a terrific dearth of nurses. The ratio before the division read 7,000 nurses for 400,000,000 people, a far-cry from adequacy, with Christian girls and Hindu girls doing the nursing for the most part. Now the Pakistan register, barely reads 200 for its 79,000,000 peoples, a crucial fact indeed. Slowly, Moslem girls *must* come forward to take up this vital profession. To train them, to offer ideals and principles, the very basis of the medical and nursing profession—this is the great opportunity which today is presented to Medical Missionaries. The avenues of approach are open—the native government is begging for qualified and experienced personnel to train their native nurses. It remains only for us to seize the opportunities, to reach these peoples and bring their sick the charity of Christ. This month, therefore, we ask you when you offer your prayers, works, joys and sorrows for the peoples of the regions of Islam, please remember specially our work for the sick in the new land of Pakistan.

Mohammedan women and babies at Holy Family Hospital. They are wearing "burkhas" without which they may never appear in public.

Lucky Abdul

Sr. M. LAETITIA, R.N.

.... "What does 'Har-r-k the Angels Seeng' mean, Sister-ji?" asked the little boy in the big white bed.

"You know what a 'firishta' is, don't you Abdul?"

"A messenger of God," came the quick reply.

"Well, the song tells us to listen . . . *suniye* . . . to the good news that the Son of God is born on earth."

"Do all the Sisters and nurses sing to the patients every evening like this?" Abdul was evidently delighted at such a prospect.

"Oh, no, Abdul, only on the eve of Bara Din (the Big Day). Hush now, they're going to sing in Urdu."

The big dark eyes were wide with wonder as the Carolers sang of peace and joy to the sick and weary patients that filled the large ward.

"*Abar, Abar* (again, again)," Abdul pleaded.

Although Sisters and nurses were tired and hoarse from singing one carol after another, in each ward of the great hospital, they could not refuse the eager pleading in the pathetically thin little face of the Mohammedan boy.

But the young follower of Mohammed was hard to satisfy. "When will they sing again?" he asked as the last note of the carol died away.

"In a little while," the Sister-nurse assured him. "At adhi rat (half-night) we are going to have Midnight Mass. That's why we must hurry to Church now so that we won't miss one moment of 'salaaming' God's Son, Who was born on this night nearly 2,000 years ago."

"Will you take me to Church at adhi rat?" was Abdul's next request.

The Sister looked doubtfully, at the frail little boy, "Oh Abdul, you are not well enough to come, and maybe your mother would not want you to go to the Sister's mosque."

"My mother will come with me; she will carry me to your mosque," the little boy assured the Sister with all the dignity of a patriarch. Then turning to the silent woman seated at his bedside, he begged anxiously: "You will, won't you mama ji?"

The sudden change from the pose of a grown-up man to the worried little boy begging a favor from his mother, brought a smile to the Sister's face.

"I only want you to get better, piara," she, gently replied. "If the Sister says it is all right for you to go, I will carry you." Turning to the Sister the woman asked hopefully: "Is it true that all the bimariyan (sick) who go to pray in your mosque are cured?"

It was not an easy question to answer.

Undoubtedly, God was bestowing many blessings on these good simple people who with disarming confidence were begging the gift of health at His altar. Were the sulfadiazine and penicillin or the milk and eggs that the underfed people needed so badly working the rumored miracles of the Bazaar? Perhaps the greatest "miracle" of all was the fact that the hospital *was there* and was able to care for the thousands of poor sick people that came to its gates every year. God's Providence alone continued to support it for there was practically no income at all.

The Sister tried to answer Abdul's mother as best she could.

"Bibi ji, all prayer is answered in one way or another, but usually God works through apparently ordinary means. In our day He has put it into the minds of men to discover some very wonderful medicines. Often what the Bazaar calls a miracle is really the result of those medicines, which in a way are God's miracle for the people of the world."

"Bibi ji" was satisfied and without further delay, she bundled Abdul up in all the blankets on the bed and carried him off to the Sister's mosque a few minutes before adhi rat.

They were both deeply impressed by the colorful Christmas decorations; all the lights and candles made the chapel look bright and warm. Abdul pointed with delight to the lovely Christmas crib at the side altar and wanted his mother to take him to it, as the priest came out to start Mass. Bibi ji had noticed that many of the women had carried offerings to the altar before the Mass began and that one of the Sisters was just in time to rescue an egg from under Father's feet (which one of the women had placed on the altar steps). Abdul's Mother was sorry that she had no eggs or chickens to offer the little Baby in the crib, but she begged none the less fervently that the Sister's God would cure her small son.

Christmas day, each of the patients received a little basket from the Sisters containing two oranges and a few sweets. It was all they could afford. For the children there were some bright pictures and for Abdul Sister found a ten-cent mechanical monkey that was intent upon climbing an inadequate pole.

Abdul was wild with delight at such treasures — he carefully examined the oranges, counted the few poor candies, and wrapped up a selected number for his brothers and sisters when they would come to visit him in the afternoon. After a struggle, he also decided to keep one of his precious oranges to give his young visitors, then leaned back against his pillow content with the world.

In the afternoon there was a play, a simple rendering of the Christmas story with plenty of the songs that had so taken Abdul's musical ear. Every patient who could possibly drag himself out of bed or be carried by relations just had to go; no amount of ordering the very sick ones to stay where they were, was of any avail. When no one was looking they managed to get out of bed and over to the tent, where the play was being enacted.

Afterwards an exhausted, but happy Abdul demonstrated the marvelous monkey to his wide-eyed brothers and sisters who, loudly sucking Abdul's sweets and slowly chewing bites of his orange to make it last a long time, enviously thought their brother a very lucky boy!

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TWI (TWEE) TALK
AFRICA LETTER

TWI is the basic language spoken by the principal tribes in the Gold Coast Colony. TWI TALK is the official publication of the Medical Mission Sisters stationed there at Holy Family Dispensary. (Berekum, Ashanti District, Gold Coast, WEST AFRICA.)

We must not let you waste any sympathy on us in our tropical surroundings. We only wish it were half as pleasant back home as it is here just at this time of the year. We need at least one woolen blanket at night. It is very damp but as yet the heat is not excessive; that comes at Christmas time they tell us. In the sun one feels the heat, and humidity, this latter especially before the rain comes. But in the cool and shade of the house it is quite comfortable—nothing compared to summer in the middle West! If we were treking through the tall elephant grass or bush paths as the missionary Fathers must do, we would feel it very much, but in our asbestos roofed dispensary, No! However, we must be perpetually on the lookout for mould forming on shoes, suitcases, prayer books, etc. And everything rustable, rusts—needles, pins, surgical instruments, shoe lace tips, etc.!

In company with the mosquitoes which we both have, you in the States and we in Africa, we have ants, more ants, and flying ants. These flying ones we call gyros, or airplanes. They are big clumsy affairs. If you can imagine a cow with a newly acquired pair of wings, you can picture these flying ants. They are quite harmless but a big nuisance. They congregate at night, around the light of our kerosene lamp, and crawl over everything and everyone. After supper, at night we have spiritual reading, followed by recreation together, and for the last week these gyros have appeared on the scene, about half way through recreation. Formerly we had to retire and leave them the field but now we have a new method of defense. We put a big shallow basin of water near the lamp and toss all invaders into a watery death. As soon as their wings become wet they are helpless. We also have bats which live up in the veranda rafters during the day and come swooping around at night. The bats savor flying ants as a delicacy (as do some of the children also). But the stay of these ants is short. Just as suddenly as they appear, they disappear; there have been none around now for several nights and we suppose and hope, they have gone until the rains.

The weeks fly by and one wonders where they go. The schedule is as follows: General clinic on Monday and Saturday for the people of the village of Berekum. Tuesday general clinic for the villages surrounding Berekum. Wednesday, Children's Clinic. Thursday was chosen for mothers who do not go to the farm before we knew that Friday was a farm holiday and the patients would be free to come on that day. It is the native custom to work the earth on the other days of the week and let "the earth" rest on Friday. Of course every clinic session is open for emergencies of which there are plenty. Nor must we forget to mention the afternoon and night *unscheduled* patients.

No, we cannot complain about lack of variety. We have Brong people, native to this section, Fantis from the Coast, French Colony people from the Ivory Coast, Iagosians, traveling traders from Nigeria, and several different tribes from the Northern

Territories. All have a distinctive dress. The Nigerians and Northern Territory people, unlike the Ashanti, frequently scar their faces.

Recently we have been getting more people from Seikwa district, a remote section where elephants and many wild animals roam in the bush. The people are very simple. Poorer than the Ashanti cocoa farmers, they have farms of rice and yams. On the Eve of Whitsunday they brought a young mother from this section; she was the chief's wife. However she was too far gone for us to help her. She died within a few hours of arrival. Just last week her twin sister came in and registered for prenatal care. The family certainly realized that if they could have gotten the patient in sooner we could have helped, and they want to prevent anything like that from happening again.

"Berekum babies do not die, anymore." A very broad statement, but they are saying that in town and we are happy to hear it. It means the people are recognizing that we can help their babies —and we could help more if only they were brought in sooner. But the people are very good about caring for the children. This week one family walked fifteen miles to bring in their sick baby. They were on their cocoa farm, deep in the bush, when it got sick.

Of course, they often try native medicine before resorting to us. When a very sick patient is brought in, especially a maternity case, we always ask: any native medicine? And the answer is rarely *No!* which means the picture is that much more complicated; often the toxicity from overdosage of native herbs is more serious than the disease.

Recently, Sr. Margaret Mary was attending a maternity patient, with the usual group of women folk sitting on the sidelines. There was a bit of underhand shuffling and one old woman passed a wad of green leaves over to the patient. Sister was up in arms. Native medicine in our own dispensary! Rose came to the rescue and the family explained that it was only tobacco. We did not mind *that*, did we?

Sister Steals a Bicycle

Wanted by the Police! A hunted criminal, that's what I was. It happened like this . . . apparently . . On the morning of June 14, I went to the Military Headquarters 7th Div., parked a bicycle, went inside, came out again, and disembarked with another soul's bicycle!

For this dastardly act, (unbeknownst to me), I was summoned to appear before court! It seems that the only description given was that a Mem-Sahib with a long white dress did it!

Three policemen appeared one day at the dispensary. "We want to see the Mem-Sahib who took this man's cycle!" Poor Sister Bernadette was just in the midst of a very heavy dispensary crowd, and said, "Such nonsense—we wouldn't do such a thing!" The three men insisted however, and showed that they had been to the other two convents without success. Exasperated, Sister Bernadette said, "Don't bother me now—I am busy taking care of your women folks—come back at 12:30."

So the three serious policemen departed —and returned again at the appointed time. As I was in Murree, and not available, the others had to handle it. Finally, one sister remembered that we had gone to Military Headquarters on Nurses' Association business, and that the whole thing *was* possible. In fact, it was not only possible, but was actually the truth. "Mea Culpa"—I had taken the wrong cycle and left mine there! But do you think they would make that simple exchange? No indeed! Sister had to give them the "stolen" cycle, and then wait another week for the case to be settled. In the meantime, poor Sister Bernadette had to go down to Headquarters and swear that it was all a mistake. Incidentally, she told them, "Well it serves him right. He shouldn't have been using a lady's cycle anyhow! If he had had a man's cycle, Sister wouldn't have confused them!" After several more trials, our original bicycle was finally returned.

Sr. M. Clare

At Midnight Mass when the Christ Child will be born again on our altars at home and abroad, the Medical Mission Sisters will unite in praying that their benefactors may receive the fullness of His Peace, Joy and Happiness for the coming year.

AT HOME AND ABROAD

PINDI—Self Service

One Sunday a man named Abdul appeared at the Hospital. His daughter had been *unconscious* for two days; could he bring her to see the Sister-Doctor? "Of course!" Sister agreed, and at his request showed Abdul a room available for his daughter.

That afternoon, a student nurse came to say that in one of the private rooms there was a patient, unconscious, unaccounted for, and surrounded by men, women, and children! When we investigated we found that it was the daughter of our friend Abdul, and relatives! Had he applied at the admittance desk? Why, yes . . . he had seen the room this morning, liked it, and returned to "take over." Now Sister-Doctor Leonie could see the patient . . . !

Sister M. George, R. N.

MANDAR—Doctor on Horseback

Working to curtail disease in the aboriginal district of Mandar is like trying to stem a flood. Recently, we heard that Hesmi, a village some miles away, was full of small-pox, and the poor people—with so many fears and superstitions—wouldn't come to the hospital. On the 15th they *did* bring in two lovely children—small-pox victims — one totally blind and the other, almost. Sr. Barbara and a couple of our nurses from *Holy Family Hospital* decided to go to the village themselves. The short cut is impassable because of the rains, so taking along all the vaccine they had, they went around the long way in Father's jeep. Not even the jeep went through the mud though, so they walked three miles in the end! After our "medical corps" had done what it could, one of the grateful village people—eager to return thanks—offered Sister Barbara his horse, saying, "Doctor can *ride* back to the jeep!"

Sister Ignatius Marie

KARACHI—Tidings of Blessings

The Mohammedan husband of one of our patients here in Karachi dreamt that the child they were expecting would be a great prophet to be named Nauwid Barkat—"Tidings of Blessings." "It will be just too bad if the baby is a girl!" we said to ourselves. And it was! So when Sr. Agatha broke the news to them, they were a bit subdued, then suddenly buoyed up . . . "Well," exclaimed the father, "we can name her Nauwid Barkat (Tidings of Blessings) anyway, since she was born on Good Friday." This they considered a real blessing because Mohammedans honor Christ as a great prophet. When it was time for the little family to go home, the father took the mother and child into *Holy Family Hospital* Chapel to say "goodbye to Christ," and his parting words to us were, "When Nauwid Barkat grows up, I am going to bring her back to you to be a nurse . . . OR EVEN A NUN! . . . Truly, tidings of *great* blessings!

Sister M. Regina, R. N.

Will you say daily

"Blessed be the Immaculate Heart of Mary."

Also ask your friends to do likewise.

May the Angels conduct thee to paradise: may the martyrs receive thee on thy arrival and lead thee into the Heavenly Jerusalem; may the choir of Angels receive you and may you have eternal rest with the once poor Lazarus!

Miss Agnes F. Keyes

Giving was so much a part of the life of Miss Agnes Franklin Keyes that, although her recent death has caused us to have one less friend on earth, we are confident that she will be as generous still in sharing her heaven with us and the many charitable organizations for whom she worked so tirelessly. During the years preceding her death in New York, Miss Keyes shared her wealth, both temporal and spiritual, as treasurer of the Catholic Center for the Blind, chairman of the bazaar committee of the Cenacle of St. Regis, and as a founder of the Lots for Little Thrift Shop, Inc. whose purpose is to raise funds for many charities. Because her love for others was so universal, it was eminently Catholic. And because it was quiet, concealed from others, unpretentious and constant, her "Father Who seeth in secret" came just as quietly to repay her by taking her to Himself.

May They Rest in Peace

Rev. Ralph Denk, O.F.M., Washington, D.C.
Rev. J. Bernard Praught, Alameda, Calif.
Sister Marietta, C.S.C., Columbus, Ohio
Sister M. Pancratius, S.S.J., Baden, Penna.
Sister M. Wendelin, C.S.C., Ogden, Utah
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Miss Rose Fleckenstein, Bergenfield, N. J.
Miss Mary E. Galvin, Albany, N. Y.
Mr. Raymond F. Jollett, Elizabeth, N. J.
Miss Agnes Keyes, New York, N. Y.
Mr. John Neumann,
Garden City Park, L. I., N. Y.
Mr. Alfred B. Wade, New Canaan, Conn.

Rosa

Recently a small legacy was left to us by a woman who earned the money as a washerwoman. This great sacrifice prompted the following.

Rosa is dead! You say you have never heard of Rosa? But Rosa was a celebrity—is a celebrity. She was only a washerwoman, but a washerwoman with a heart that embraced the whole world.

Hour after hour, day after day, she forced her aching back to bend over her wash tub, not that she might have more of the good things of life, but that others might.

Every fifty-cent piece, every dollar she could spare went into a small money box. Down through the years that box had to be emptied time and time again, for those cents and nickels amounted to hundreds of dollars before Rosa could exchange her washtub for a golden crown.

Many were the blisters on those tired old hands, blistered, that the orphan whom Rosa supported might have food and warm clothes. Often the fingers were scorched, but scorches were nothing to Rosa if they would supply a comfortable bed and medicines and care for Abdul, for Sita-Ram, for Hueng Ling when they were sick.

The gnarled hands, the stooped shoulders, the swollen feet were reminiscent of the lepers for whom Rosa worked so hard.

Rosa is in heaven now. Much to her surprise, she who thought herself so lowly on earth is rubbing elbows with St. Francis Xavier, with the Little Flower, with St. Anthony.

What a moment it must have been when Rosa was met at the gates of heaven and heard that beloved Voice say, "I was hungry and you gave me to eat. I was naked and you covered me, I was sick and in prison and you visited me."

FILL THE BABY'S BOOTIES

A dollar or two, buttons his shoe
And - for a week
He'll have MILK for a treat!

3 dollars or 4, will open the door
To his MEDICAL CARE, in which you can share.

5 dollars or six helps pick up the sticks
To build cradles & beds to cover wee heads.

7 dollars or eight swings open the gate,
To babies so wee where Mammy's talk Twi.

9 dollars or ten will help us to send
Paint on its way—to make nurseries gay!

11 dollars or more
Will save babes by the score,
For Karachi our mission
More room is a'wishin.

12 dollars or so
Will help us to grow,
To dig deep the foundations
For new generations.

Dear Sisters:

Here is $..... for baby's booty

for ( ) Pindi ( ) Africa ( ) Mandar ( ) Philadelphia
( ) Patna ( ) Karachi ( ) Bengal

Sincerely,

.....

THE MEDICAL MISSION SISTERS

8400 Pine Road Fox Chase, Phila. 11, Pa.